UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson — Louis L. Mann — Curtis W. Reese

Greed

By ZONA GALE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II, Chapter XXVII. By M. K. GANDHI

A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

(Conclusion)

By BILL SIMPSON

India and the League of Nations

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 39
Greed—ZONA GALE 41
Jottings—J. H. H. 42

ARTICLES—
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part II, Chapter XXVII. The Bombay Meeting—M. K. GANDHI 43
"Industrialism an Evil"—*M. K. Gandhi* 44
A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith—Part II—BILL SIMPSON 45
India and the League of Nations—J. T. SUNDERLAND 48

POETRY—
"Thou Ever-Present Perfect Friend—RABBI LOUIS I. NEWMAN 39
The Village Fool—I. PRIEST 48

THE STUDY TABLE—
New Books—FREDERICK STARR 49

CORRESPONDENCE—
Militarism in Education—GEORGE A. COE 50
The Treaty of Belgian Neutrality—MYRON F. FOSTER 51
Our Thanks to "What's What"—JOSE M. ESTRUGO 51
Sorry—It Has Not Been Reprinted—FRED E. JOHNSON 51

THE FIELD—
A Few Side Lights on Nicaragua—WILLIAM C. ALLEN 51
American Arbitration Crusade 51

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1927 NUMBER 3

"THOU EVER-PRESENT PERFECT FRIEND"

Thou ever-present Perfect Friend
To Thee we voice our prayer;
Our souls in loving union blend
Thy spirit's life we share.
Ideal Companion, near to us,
As to ourselves we are,
Thy heart is ever generous,
Thy counsel never far.

Our wrongs towards self and others are
Disloyalty to Thee,
And friendship's open gates they bar,
Till Thou hast set us free,
When we with contrite hearts repent,
And cleanse ourselves from sin,
We know that Thou art made content,
And love has entered in.

O Comrade of our inner life,
Together we shall dream
Of peace that overcometh strife,
Of fellowship supreme.
Thou art Beginning, Thou art End,
The solace of our years,
Thou ever-present Perfect Friend,
Who dryest all our tears.

(RABBI) LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

Senator Borah, through the publication of his correspondence as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with President Calles, has demonstrated once again that no foreign secretary or diplomat can be trusted to tell the truth. Again and again we have stated our conviction in these columns that such official can always be counted upon to lie. The secretary of state or ambassador may be, and usually is, a man of unimpeachable integrity in his private life. But the moment he becomes clothed with responsibility in the foreign relations of his government, he lies officially, just as he tells the truth personally, as a matter of duty and high honor. We wouldn't believe a secretary of state on oath. Secretary Kellogg is only the latest proof of our thesis. Asked to give a statement as to the situation in Mexico as regards oil leases under the new land laws, he submits an array of so-called facts which only have to be submitted to Mexico City, as Senator Borah submitted them, to be shown to be false. It is possible, to be sure, that Secretary Kellogg believed his so-called facts to be genuine, and thus submitted his data in good faith. But what have we got at the head of the State Department—a moron who can be fooled by every passing "con" man who comes knocking at his door? It may be so—Mr. Kellogg gives many physical and mental evidences of being a half-wit. But his Department is clever enough, and is not to be deceived so easily by the business interests that pull the wires of government. The State Department, having no other ends to serve than those of American oil investors in Mexico, knows perfectly well what it is doing. By every most approved method of propaganda (i. e., official lying), it is deliberately endeavoring to deceive the American people, so that they may be led into a war with Mexico as they were deceived into being led into the European War in 1917. It is a dirty, dishonest game of fraud, which thus far has not worked, thanks first of all to Senator Borah, next to a press which has refused thus far to be misled, and lastly to the courtesy, patience and good sense of President Calles and his people.

Some of our readers, more respectful of government than we are, may answer that the most and worst that is shown by Senator Borah's revelations is that the exact facts as to oil leases under the Mexican law are in dispute—that the Calles government may be lying as well as Washington. If so, then here is an ideal situation for the application of the principle of international arbitration. What is arbitration for, why have we established Hague tribunals and written arbitration treaties, why has the United States always endorsed and in the case of Mexico specifically pledged itself to the arbitration process, if not for crises of precisely this present character? Washington asserts that such and such facts are true; Mexico retorts that they are not true at all, and submits data to substantiate its statement. Here is no question in dispute for the moment but that of truth—the very thing that arbitration is established to ascertain. Yet President Coolidge, speaking informally for his administration, declares in the familiar cock-sure, hard-boiled fashion, that there is nothing to arbitrate. Mexico is stealing American property—and we don't arbitrate with thieves! But suppose, in a case where I have been robbed, the thief offers to prove that the goods taken were not mine at all, but his; or that the goods have now become his not by theft but by due process of law? Would this alleged thief not be given his day in court, and thus have a chance to present his evidence and prove his case before an impartial judicial tribunal? The very first step in proving the charge of theft against an alleged offender is to prove title to the property in

question—and that is the very thing, says Mexico, which American investors cannot do. If there ever was a plainer, straighter case for arbitration than this, we have not seen it. If there ever could be a plainer, straighter case for arbitration, we cannot imagine it. If we are to fight over an issue of this sort, then we might as well give up the cause of peace right here and now.

The passage by the late Congress of the Treasury Reorganization Bill marks the greatest forward step that has yet been taken by the government in the matter of law enforcement in this particular field. Many provisions of the Bill are important, notably the establishment of the Prohibition unit as an entity by itself, altogether apart from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, where it has been neglected, ignored and hopelessly hampered. But everything else fades into insignificance as compared with the provision which puts appointments to the "dry" service all under control of the Civil Service Commission. In the critical days preceding the passage of the Volstead Act, certain wavering Congressmen were brought 'round to the support of that measure by leaving appointments to the enforcement service on the old political basis. Or rather shall we say that certain Congressmen used the exigencies of the situation to blackmail the "dry" forces into giving them the spoils of office. Since that time, the personnel of the Prohibition unit has been a stench in the nostrils of all decent men. It has been used consistently as the easy dumping-ground for political rewards and favors. With nothing but hacks, heelers and other crooks at his disposal, it was obvious that no Prohibition Director, Assistant Secretary Andrews nor anybody else, could accomplish anything in the way of genuine enforcement. So long as such conditions prevailed, Prohibition, like Christianity, had never even been tried! Hence the insistence of all intelligent "drys" in recent years that the Prohibition unit must be limited exclusively to civil service appointees as the one indispensable step of further progress. Now this step has been taken, and the government, for the first time since the passage of the Volstead Act, is in a position to enforce the provisions of that law. It is interesting and important to note that this Reoganization measure passed both houses of Congress by enormous majorities. In the Senate only seven die-hards voted against it. Many even of the most confirmed "wets" did not dare to defy what they knew to be the will of the overwhelming majority of the people. In the face of such a spectacle, even the "wet" New York *Times* is forced to admit that "the political strength of Prohibition is much greater than many of its opponents have fancied."

Here's a how-de-do—in Hawaii! The one hundred per centers got busy there a few years ago—in 1920, to be exact, when the tides of prejudice were running at the flood—and passed a law restricting the operations of the Japanese language schools. Stopping the teaching of Japanese, in other words, and compelling the teaching of American! It was true, to be sure, that the Japanese comprised 40 per cent of the total population of the Islands, the largest single racial element there, and that their children numbered more than half the entire school population, outnumbering Americans and Europeans about 15 to 1. But this is all the more reason, isn't it, for forbidding the Japanese to use and teach their own language, and thus perpetuate their own culture? Americanization is what we want—or it was what we wanted in 1920! So the anti-Japanese law was passed. Now comes a decision of the United States Supreme Court, vindicating the traditional American doctrine of the relation of the State to education, and thus declaring the law to be unconstitutional. Here's a pretty state of things! But why? Years ago we recall that the Kaiser's Germany, desiring to Germanize (we suppose there is such a word!) its alien population, forbade the teaching of the Polish language in the schools of German Poland. We recall, also, the wave of resentment against this monstrous instance of despotism that swept around the world, and how it rolled particularly high here in the United States. It was one of the crimes most often quoted against Germany during the War. We recall at this moment the various oppressions of minority populations in post-war Europe, none of which is conceded to be more terrible than denial to a proud population of the right to use and transmit to its children its native tongue. Yet here in Hawaii we have undertaken to do this very thing to the Japanese, who were in these islands before we came, and now outnumber us and all other Occidentals nearly 4 to 1. The Supreme Court has not complicated but corrected a situation. It has pointed the way to justice, which is also the way to peace and goodwill.

It is narrated of a certain distinguished literary man in England, notorious for his outbreaks of violent temper, that he recently sent an acquaintance, with whom he had quarreled, a challenge to a duel. The fact became known, to the huge discomfiture of the poet, for he was promptly reminded that, in sending his challenge, he was guilty of a crime. In England, in other words, it was illegal, an offense against the law, for one man to challenge another man to a fight upon the field of honor. In the same way it is an offense for the party of the second part to accept or answer the challenge of the party of the first part. And of course it is the most serious crime of all for the two to meet, and *fight!* It is this situation, so long established in the field of individual relations, that the Outlawry of War advocates would transfer by due legal enactment to the field of international relations.

War, we say, is murder! That is true figuratively, poetically, but it is not precisely true legally. Murder in itself as the sudden, violent and fatal attack of one man upon another, has never at any time or in any place been legal. But duelling, the challenge to battle in settlement of a dispute, this has been legal until comparatively recent times. And duelling, as thus established, is nothing but a method for committing murder with due sanction of law. Here is the exact parallel to war—not murder, but the duel! War is a carefully defined, duly protected, legally established method by which one nation may commit violence and murder upon another nation. Thus interpreted, as an *institution,* like duelling, its real character is seen—and its inevitable fate forecast. War must be outlawed by the law of nations, as duelling has been outlawed by the law of men. As it is a crime for one man to challenge another man to a duel, so it must be made a crime for one nation to declare war against another nation. And as it is a most serious crime for two men actually to fight, and wound and kill, so must it be made a crime for two nations to go to war. Here is the whole program of Outlawry in a nutshell. When was there ever anything simpler—or more effective?

We have seen few things in our time more pathetic than the so-called "Bishops' Crusade" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. We speak from no nation-wide observation, only from what we have seen in our own particular part of the country, but this must be fairly typical. The Episcopacy, it must be said, is busy and ardent enough in its endeavors. Its campaign is carefully organized, widely advertised, and put through with magnificent thoroughness. But in such places as we have been able to study, the "Crusade" has made no more impression upon the public mind than a handful of pins dropped upon a concrete sidewalk. There have been special meetings, elaborate music, able preaching—but the great public has swept by absolutely unmoved. What is the reason? First of all, the campaign is out-and-out sectarian in purpose; it is in the special interest of the Protestant Episcopal Church as such. But the age for this sort of thing has gone! Men and women are not interested in denominations any more. Even Episcopalians themselves are lukewarm to such an enterprise. In the second place, as the *Christian Century* points out, "much of the preaching of this particular campaign has been stereotyped and narrowly individualistic." The occasional presentation of a social message has not saved the undertaking from the ancient taint of theological evangelization, for which the people today have about as much use as they have for bell-trousers and hoop-skirts. Lastly, there remains the essentially undemocratic character of the Church itself. Bishop Brent, Percy Stickney Grant, Howard Melish, these and others are great souls, democratic to the core, but the church they serve is a fatally class institution, and thus has never yet found the way to the popular heart. The "Bishops' Crusade," at bottom, is only one more illustration of the passing of the old traditional order of religion. Like Danny Deever, Protestantism in all its forms is "fighting hard for life," but it is being strangled to death none the less by the relentless forces of the age.

Greed

There was a time, in India, when the second caste, the Kshattriya or ruling caste, which originally included the soldier, was taught in the following terms:

> That when the Kshattriya fought, he was to fight as the defender of the helpless and give his life freely that they might enjoy their lives in peace. He was not to fight because he wanted gain. He was not to fight because he wanted land. He was not to fight because he wanted power or dominion. He was to stand as an iron wall about the nation, so that every attack should break against his body. And within the circle made by him, all men should live in peace, security and happiness. . . . He was to look on himself as the agent of the Divine Actor.

Conceivably, this was the ideal in the beginning of the idea of soldiery. Not the whole tribe going out against an "enemy," but a group, of the ruling class, selected because of their strength and their courage, who were given the duty of protecting the rest of the tribe. This was accepted as the life of the soldier; this way his duty, his *dharma;* and by doing his duty he was to set himself a step nearer to that union with the real Self, which all alike were seeking.

But what happened was that, as time went on, some of those within the circle of that iron wall of soldiers doing their duty—some of those safe ones, seeing that when an "enemy" was conquered there was booty to be shared by all the tribe alike, conceived the idea of sending out that protecting circle to fight anyway, enemy or no enemy, to fight the weaker, to fight anybody, if only the booty was great enough. But of course two things were necessary: First, they had to make the protectors believe that the contending nation, weaker or not, was an "enemy"; and second, they had to give the protectors all sorts of praise and honor, citations and medals, to make them believe that they were doing their duty.

And that wall of iron, that circle of protectors, that second, or Kshattriya, or soldier class, believed in the "enemy" theory, no matter how far away he was; and accepted the praise and the medals in good faith, and every one kept on believing that he was doing his duty, his *dharma,* and would thus be united with his higher Self. Unto this day.

Now nobody questions the ideals of this wall of protectors, in any country. When they believe the

words of the great and wise and protected ones within the iron wall made by the protectors' own bodies, there is no possible question as to their idealism, their belief that they are doing their duty. But what is there to be said for those among the protected who tell them that there is an enemy at the gates, or that there will be very shortly, and who keep on telling them of the honor that it is to offer their bodies as an iron wall, to protect those who are to gain booty and protect treasure, in that process?

It has not been, over the world, much different with the third, or Vaishya caste, whose duty it was to accumulate wealth.

He was to accumulate wealth not for his own gratification, but for the support of the nation. He was to be rich in order that every activity that needed wealth should find a store of wealth at hand and be carried out in every direction. So that everywhere there might be homes for the poor, rest-houses for the traveler, hospitals both for men and beasts, temples for worship. And so his *dharma* was accumulation for the common good.

But what happened here was that as time went on, the Vaishya grew weary of accumulating for the nation, for the poor, the travelers, for man and beasts and the temples. And he began the game of collecting for his own needs, and then for his own gratifications, and then for his own diversion. Next, it occurred to him that he could not do very much alone, so he looked about and saw the Shudra, or fourth caste, whose *dharma* was to "carry on the serving external activities, gladly discharging menial duties." On him the Vaishya seized—this of course, the world over—and proceeded to make him work for him, on terms satisfactory to the accumulation of wealth for himself. So that now both the Shudra, or menial, and the soldiers among the Ksattriya, were engaged in helping the accumulator in his accumulation.

The caste upon whom the *dharma* of accumulation fell, in other words, has in every country gradually laid hold upon the serving class and the soldier class and has turned them to its purpose.

There remains the highest caste, the Brahmana, the teacher, he whose high calling was to guide the evolution of the race.

In a well-regulated nation, there should always be teachers to instruct, able to guide others, to advise unselfishly; thus nothing would be gained for the teacher himself, but everything would be gained by him for the people. In this his *dharma* would be accomplished and his soul set free.

On the whole, the Brahmana remains fairly true to this duty. In every caste the world over there remain some who are true to the original ideal of his class, who follow its duty unselfishly, and who work for the good of all. But the world is a little disillusioned about the accumulators—they are on the defensive. And there is abroad a great dream that the second, the soldier caste, need not much longer be maintained, but that the accumulators, and the servers, and the teachers together shall have a sufficient intelligent quotient to work out some way of dealing with social difficulties without that primitive iron wall, that circle of bodies, either to kill others or to be killed themselves.

The serving class and the class of the teachers of mankind, whatever form that teaching may take—these still stand not too far from the ideal of duty in that first high drama. On these two castes, and on those of the accumulators who have remained true, and on those of the protectors who understand, there now devolves the duty of setting up the standard of the resocialization of duty. To these the world looks for the reclaiming of all accumulators who have forgotten, and for the liberation of the protectors who have been exploited and misled.

The teacher, and the server, those of the accumulators who have remained true, and those of the protectors who understand! They have a large *dharma*, a stern duty. Meanwhile, those among them who sin the sin of greed, in the slightest dealing, are adding to the immemorial sin of mankind, which has all but devoured the world.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

We read regularly the monthly *News Bulletin* published by the National Council for Prevention of War, and never fail to be impressed by it as one of the most important peace publications in the country. It has accurate news, courageous editorials, and an idealistic spirit. We commend it to our readers. Subscription price 25 cents a year, single copies 3 cents. Write to national office, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

L'Oeuvre, Paris, wants to know "is it to conquer Central America that the United States demands our (French) money?" Here is the retort courteous, and direct, on this matter of the debt payments.

Thomas A. Edison is changing his mind about the question of immortality. A few years ago (1910) he was saying:

There is no more reason to believe that any human brain will be immortal than there is to think one of my phonographic cylinders will be immortal.

Now, on the eve of his recent 80th birthday, he has said:

We must admit that if there is any evidence on one side or the other, worthy of consideration by the scientific mind, it is in favor of the theory of immortality. . . . If it is

impossible to destroy material things, and we know this to be the case, the destruction of the immaterial and infinitely more potent things would be an unreasonable supposition. . . . The theory of Soul immortality is not necessarily shocking to developed intelligence of the sort which men call practical.

A friend, commenting on the report of an American journalist that Mussolini plays the violin at the close of the day's work, makes the pertinent observation that "there was once a man by the name of Nero . . .!"

Kerensky, the Russian exile now in this country, says that 99 per cent of the Russian people are in revolt against Bolshevism. Well, Kerensky ought to know, for his experience has qualified him as an expert in such matters. But if his diagnosis is correct, why aren't the Russian people kicking out the Bolshevists today with the 100 per cent efficiency with which they kicked out Kerensky himself in 1917?

We have received word from India of a visit of Shapuryi Saklatvala, M. P., fiery communist advocate of violence, to Mahatma Gandhi, gentle advocate of non-resistance. We would like to have been present at that meeting. Was it again, we wonder, a case of "the still, small voice"?

J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART II—CHAPTER XXVII

The Bombay Meeting

On the very day after my brother-in-law's death I had to go to Bombay for the public meeting. There had hardly been time for me to think out my speech. I was feeling exhausted after days and nights of anxious vigil and my voice had become husky. However, I went to Bombay trusting entirely to God. I had never dreamt of writing out my speech.

In accordance with Sir Pherozeshah's instructions I reported at his office at 5 p. m. on the eve of the meeting.

"Is your speech ready, Gandhi?" he asked.

"No, sir," said I, trembling with fear, "I think of speaking *ex tempore.*"

"That will not do in Bombay. Reporting here is bad, and if we would benefit by this meeting, you should write out your speech, and it should be printed before daybreak tomorrow. I hope you can manage this?"

I felt rather nervous, but I said I would try.

"Then, tell me, what time Mr. Munshi should come to you for the manuscript?"

"Eleven o'clock tonight," said I.

On going to the meeting the next day, I saw the wisdom of Sir Pherozeshah's advice. The meeting was held in the hall of the Sir Cowasji Jehangir Institute. I had heard that when Sir Pherozeshah Mehta addressed meetings the hall was always packed—principally by the students, intent on hearing him—leaving not an inch of room. This was the first meeting of the kind in my experience. I saw that my voice could reach no one. I was trembling as I began to read my speech. Sir Pherozeshah cheered me up continually by asking me to speak louder and still louder. I have a feeling that far from encouraging me, it made my voice sink lower and lower.

My old friend, Mr. Keshavarao Deshpande, came to my rescue. I handed my speech to him. His was just the proper voice. But the audience refused to listen. The hall rang with the cries of "Wachha," "Wachha." So Mr. Wachha stood up and read the speech, with wonderful results. The audience became perfectly quiet and listened to the speech to the end, punctuating it with applause and cries of "shame" where necessary. This gladdened my heart.

Sir Pherozeshah liked the speech. I was supremely happy.

The meeting won me the active sympathy of Mr. Deshpande and a Parsi friend whose name I hesitate to mention as he is a high-placed Government official today. Both expressed their resolve to accompany me to South Africa. Mr. C. M. Cursetji (who was then Small Cause Court Judge), however, moved this friend from his resolve, as he had plotted his marriage. He had to choose between marriage and going to South Africa, and he chose the former. But Parsi Rustomji made amends for the broken resolve, and a number of Parsi sisters are now making amends for the lady who helped in the breach, by dedicating themselves to Khaddar work. I have therefore gladly forgiven that couple. Mr. Deshpande had no temptations of marriage but he could not come. Today he is himself doing enough reparation for the broken pledge. On my way back to South Africa I met one of the Tyebjis at Zanzibar. He also promised to come and help me, but he never came. Mr. Abbas Tyebji is atoning for that indecision. Thus all my three attempts to induce barristers to go to South Africa were in vain.

In this connection I remember Mr. Pestonji Padshah. I had been on friendly terms with him ever since my stay in England. I first met him in a vegetarian restaurant in London. I knew of his brother, Mr. Burjorji Padshah, by his reputation as a crank like myself. Of course, I had never met him, but friends said that he was eccentric; out of pity for the horses he would not ride in tramcars; he refused to take degrees in spite of a prodigious memory; he had developed an independent spirit; and he was a vegetarian, though a Parsi. Pestonji had not quite this reputation, but he was famous for his erudition, even in London. The common factor between us, however, was vegetarianism, and not scholarship, in which it was beyond my power to approach him.

I found him out again in Bombay. He was Prothonotary in the High Court. When I met him he was engaged on his contribution to a Higher Gujarati Dictionary. There was not a friend I had not approached for help in my South African work. Pestonji Padshah, however, not only refused to aid me, but even advised my not returning to South Africa myself.

"It is impossible to help you," he said. "But I tell you I do not like even *your* going to South Africa. Is there lack of work in our own country? Look, now, there is not a little to do for our language. I have to find out scientific words. But this is only one branch of the work. Think of the poverty of the land. Our people in South Africa are no doubt in difficulty, but I do not want a man like you to be sacrificed for that work. Let us win self-government here, and we shall automatically help our countrymen there. I know I cannot prevail upon you, but I will not encourage any one of your type to throw in his lot with you." I did not like this advice, but it increased my regard for Mr. Pestonji Parshah. I was struck with his love for the country and for the vernacular. The incident brought us close to each other. I could understand his point of view. But far from giving up my work in South Africa, I became firmer in my resolve. A patriot could not afford to ignore any branch of service to the motherland. And for me the text of the Gita was clear and emphatic:

> Finally, this is better, that one do
> His own task as he may, even though he fail,
> Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.
> To die performing duty is no ill;
> But who seeks other roads shall wander still."

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

"Industrialism an Evil"

After reciting the evils from which we are suffering and after dealing with the improvements he would make in agriculture, a correspondent writes:

"I think all these cannot be effected if we can stand back and say modern civilization is a disease. We have to face the disease boldly, and find out a remedy for eradicating the evils accruing therefrom. We have come to a stage of development when we cannot get out of this modern or satanic civilization. In this century of easy communication no country can live in isolation from another. Western influences are shaking the very fundamentals of our society in economic, social, religious and political matters. In this struggle I think all the silly, superstitious and secondary elements have to meet their destruction making way for the solid and essential things to remain. . . . We cannot any longer be content with our bullock carts or old earthen lamps. We cannot escape the steamship, railways, motor cars, printing presses, the ideas of democracy, of love and world brotherhood. Nobody thought that Japan would become such a powerful nation in the East. If she had shirked to take up modern methods of production, she would have been exactly where, for instance, China is at present, asking for sympathy of other nations. Our aim must be to see to the healthy growth of India. This cannot be done by magic. We must have a larger income. Unless we start industries able to withstand foreign competition, is it possible to increase the national dividend? We must have a favorable balance of trade for India and then and then only can the Indian peasant be made to think of sanitation, education, decency, etc. . . . India is living yet for she has hitherto adapted herself to changing conditions. This cannot be done without the introduction of machinery and large scale production."

This is the old argument restated. The correspondent forgets that to make India like England and America is to find some other races and places of the earth for exploitation. So far it appears that the Western nations have divided all the known races outside Europe for exploitation and that there are no new worlds to discover. Among the exploited, India is the greatest victim. Japan is taking the share of the spoils no doubt. But if India and China refuse to be exploited what will happen to the exploiters? And if the Western nations, plus Japan, are likely to come to grief, in the event of India and China refusing to be exploited, what can be the fate of India trying to ape the West? Indeed the West has had a surfeit of industrialism and exploitation. If they who are suffering from the disease are unable to find a remedy to correct the evils, how shall we, mere novices, be able to avoid them? The fact is that this industrial civilization is a disease because it is *all* evil. Let us not be deceived by catchwords and phrases. I have no quarrel with steamships or telegraphs. They may stay, if they can, without the support of industrialism and all it connotes. They are not an end. We must not suffer exploitation for the sake of steamships and telegraphs. They are in no way indispensable for the permanent welfare of the human race. Now that we know the use of steam and electricity, we should be able to use them on due occasion and after we have learnt to avoid industrialism. Our concern is therefore to destroy industrialism at any cost.

The correspondent has suggested the remedy without knowing it himself. For he admits that India has lived till now when other nations have perished because "she has adapted herself to changing conditions." Adaptability is not imitation. It means power of resistance and assimilation. India has withstood the onslaughts of other civilizations because she has stood firm on her own ground. . . .

I do not fight shy of capital. I fight capitalism. The West teaches one to avoid concentration of capital, to avoid a racial war in another and deadlier form. Capital and labor need not be antagonistic to each other. I cannot picture to myself a time when no man shall be richer than another. But I do picture to myself a time when the rich will spurn to enrich themselves at the expense of the poor and the poor will cease to envy the rich. Even in a most perfect world, we shall fail to avoid inequalities, but we can and must avoid strife and bitterness. There are numerous examples extant of the rich and the poor living in perfect friendliness. We have but to multiply such instances.

India's destiny lies not along the bloody way of the West, of which she shows signs of tiredness, but along the bloodless way of peace that comes from a simple and godly life, India is in danger of losing her soul. She cannot lose it and live. She must not therefore lazily and helplessly say, "I cannot escape the onrush from the West." She must be strong enough to resist it for her own sake and that of the world.

Young India. *M. K. Gandhi.*

A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

Part II

An Effort to "Do Good" With Blood Money

There was but one more door I had to try before coming to that one which opened to me wide. This was education. While I was digesting my experience as a laborer and trying with intense earnestness to feel my way onward, I had a year of teaching. The school was one of the most advanced in America and one of the best calculated to satisfy my leaping idealism. But early in the year I discovered that the place was supported in very large part on coal and steel dividends. And I was at that very time struggling with the sense (to which cold economic analysis was driving me) that all such money, like rent, interest, dividends, profits, was unearned, taken from those who *did* earn it by all the organized violence of society, blood-money. People tried to tell me that the very workers who had earned this money would themselves prefer to have it support a radical school of this sort than to have it for their own families, that bloody though it was the money was being used through this school to overthrow the iniquity which produced it and for this purpose its acceptance was justified. But I was too simple, too stupid, too *something,* to see it. All I knew was that the men who produced that money did not get it, that they were not asked for it, that it was taken from them, that when I accepted it I was participating in and sanctioning the whole system of social brigandage by which the few strong plunder and enslave the many who are weak, and that the moral effect of this sanctioning of the prevailing system of human exploitation and slavery was an injury to society which no use of the money whatsoever could counteract. I saw that I was doing what the intellectuals have always done. I saw that I was like the man in Tolstoy's story who is being carried up the hill on the back of another man. He professes to be very sorry for him. As he sees the knotted veins standing out on his neck and forehead, he leans over his shoulder and says, "I see your suffering, dear brother. But I will preach to you and sing to you, I will teach you and doctor you and help you when you have to go to law. And for this it is necessary that I continue to ride on your back." To me this seemed monstrous hypocrisy. If the love were real, it would compel the man to get down and to carry his own load on his own back.

The Challenge From St. Francis and Jesus to Give All to Love

But even if this issue of unearned money had not arisen, it is doubtful if I could have remained in that sort of work long. For, a couple of years back, another current had started, and although underground, as it were, had been growing steadily deeper and stronger, and was destined soon to come to the surface and become the main flow of my life.

During the winter following my resignation from the church, I had read Sabatier's "St. Francis of Assisi." This book affected me like wine. Its spirit burned in my blood like fire. I read it day and night. It must somehow have put into words the thought and feeling which were already gathering force and volume in my own heart. The utter abandon of it! Here at last was a man who had been content with no *half*-gods but had hungered for the perfect, who had not stopped with ideas and talk but had *acted,* and in his action, with a magnificent indifference to what might happen to him or what people might think of him, had gone *all the way* for Love's sake. And through Francis of Assisi I now began to see Jesus anew and to read the Gospels with fresh eyes. And reading, I soon came to agree with Francis that Jesus was a propertyless, penniless, homeless mendicant or beggar, who had renounced all ownership, all family ties, and all ordinary earthly responsibility, that he might be free as the wind to become an embodiment of the very Love of God. And somehow deep in my heart I knew that nothing less would ever satisfy me either.

Oh, I *struggled* to get away from it. I shrank from a course so extreme, so costly to those who loved me, so very queer and foolish and even mad in the eyes of the world. And in my effort to find some easier path to fulness of life, I tried one way and then another, and many more I tried in the unseen depths of my own heart. And all my friends encouraged this effort, declaring that "to love without stint or limit in a world so mechanical, so materialistic, and so highly organized as America was as impossible as it would be futile. It might have been all right for Palestine two thousand years ago or even for St. Francis in medieval Italy, but for today, no! The modern world had outgrown the 'monkish' ideal. What was needed now was education built on a sound psychology, and labor organization, and propaganda!" Everybody was thinking of changing the rest of the people; no one would face the primary necessity of changing himself. Everywhere they said a mere *life* was useless until the environment was changed, but no one pointed out *how* the environment *could* be changed until the life in people had changed. But somehow, deep down beneath all this argument and altercation, I simply though dumbly knew that *I* was born to love and in love to give my all. Even while I was shoveling coal in the coal mines, out of their pitch black darkness would come the radiant vision of that life. And while I was teaching school I found in Tolstoy an intellectual support for the dumb certainty in my heart. Here was one of the world's foremost thinkers and writers, living right in the midst of the "impossible" nineteenth century and envisaging in his thought the problems raised by its materialism and complex organization the world over, who nevertheless had always *wanted* to go that way and when he was eighty years old at last *did* go that way and believed that it was the only way really *worth* going. Anyway, Tolstoy or no Tolstoy, Jesus or no Jesus, there was that within me which would give me no peace until I too went that ancient way not only of Jesus and St. Francis and Tolstoy but equally of Buddha and largely of Gandhi and all the outstanding seers the race has known. The intuition which had come to me as a senior in college must at last come true. I could put it off no longer. God had worn me out. I must strip myself of *every*thing and go and stand on the streets and cry aloud to the people in the name of Love. That I knew.

But what letting all go for Love's sake must involve for me, I did *not* know. That I might find more light and the strength to act on whatever light came

to me, I felt the need of being alone with God. I went off, therefore, to camp for a month on a solitary island in the St. Lawrence River. When I came back I knew what I must do.

The Sharp Outer Break With My Past and the Long Years of Inner Purgation

I set to work to get rid of all my property—all my money, all my furniture, all my books, all my clothes except what I needed for constant wear. I was convinced that it was impossible for perfect love to own anything. Then one day early in October 1920 I arrived in the town where I had my church, without a cent in my pockets or any desire for a cent, dressed in old clothes and ready to go to work not for what I could make out of people but for the joy of helping to meet their need. I was resolved that between me and all people there must henceforth be a relationship of pure giving—that everything that went from me must go as a gift, and that everything which came to me, whether it was a place to sleep or something to eat or an article of clothing to wear, must come as a gift of love. My work was mostly carpentering and I usually lived with those for whom I worked. As the people of my church seemed to think I was out of my head and were unwilling to let me work for them, it was only a few months before I was making my home almost entirely among the Russian and Hungarian people in the foreign quarter. Several times I attempted street-meetings and collided with the police.

Outwardly this marked a very sharp break in my life. But inwardly it did not mark so sharp a break as I fondly hoped and imagined. My *ideal* was indeed pretty clear, and I had found the new center around which I was determined that my whole life must henceforth turn. But there was much in my previous life from which I could not so easily escape. There were still many old habits to be broken, many deeply rooted instincts and subtle, even unrecognized, desires which must be dragged out into the light and brought into subjection, and either lifted onto another plane or altogether cast out, before ever I could be a living whole and move undivided in any direction God might give me. I had yet a long period of purgation to pass through. And it began very soon.

But it is impossible to go into all the details of this here. They were years in large part of a grim hanging on to an inner sense of Truth in the face of a world set dead against me, alternating with desperate life-and-death grapples in the semi-night of my soul. They were years when often the only light I had was a small light within myself, and when it seemed almost impossible to trust that that light was true when men and books and even those closest to me were declaring that my light was nothing but conceit or spiritual pride or a perverted instinct, that I was mentally sick and must go to a psychoanalyst or was mentally deranged and must go to a sanitarium. And there were times when I did *not* trust my light, when the odds were so overwhelmingly against me that I *could* not trust it, was too *weak* to trust it, and was *false* to it. There were other times when it was not a question of distrusting my light but of being simply unable to hold my ground in the face of a flood of selfish desire and fear that surged up from out the depths of my own being. There were times when for long periods I was driven into solitude and there set tasks which racked my courage and tested my faith and strength to the bottom, which often seemed to have no purpose but that of utterly breaking down in me every vestige of self-will, of *proving* whether God was indeed my all in all, whether there was *any*thing I would do, *any*thing I would give up, rather than lose my hold on God.

And so, I would say one thing and do another. Or I did one thing today and another thing tomorrow. Or I did not know my own mind. They were years therefore of bitter humiliation. I knew people were smiling at me, pitying and despising me; and the worst of it was that I was often despising myself.

But there is one thing here about which there must be no misunderstanding. My Light was almost always perfectly clear, like the lighthouse beacon which remains clear and steady when the tempest is most violent. The wavering and wobbling were not in my Light but in me. It was a question not of what the Light was, but of whether I dared trust the Light, and whether, trusting It, I had strength to follow It.

My Vision of Man's Real Life

But gradually I began to emerge from the worst of this gloom and struggle, and of course only the stronger for it. Within the past two years I have come to the place where not only is the way I must go unmistakably clear but I am able to travel that way with ever increasing peace and joy. And now my feet press somewhat more steadily toward that vision of Truth and Beauty which I have seen from afar and for which my heart hungers day and night.

This vision of Truth and Beauty is my *ideal*. I would want to be the first person in the world to confess that this is *not* what I *live*. This is not Bill Simpson at all. It is only that for which I seek to make room in my life. It is only a glimpse into the shrine where I kneel with my face to the ground and my shoes removed from off my feet. It is the pole-star of my soul from which I seek to keep my eyes from ever straying.

This vision is that of complete oneness with God. It means an entire surrender to that Love within oneself which is after all not only God but one's own truest self, and a becoming unto that Love "what his own hand is to a man." It requires an utter personal poverty, not only outer but inner, not merely poverty in this world's goods but poverty of will, poverty of individual existence. In this ideal, so far as a man's own self is concerned, he can cherish no hope, seek no end, have no rights, make no complaint, feel no desire or preference or fear. He can assert no claim, have no secrets, and call nothing whatsoever his own. Of all will for himself he must be quite dead. Like water he will always seek the lowest place, or he will just let every concern for himself quite slip from off him and will somehow float out into the life of all, there quite simply to fit into his place in the scheme of things, to take the place which is *given* to him and to seek no other. He will strip himself of all the world's means of self-protection until he has become as helpless as a naked baby which must go cold and hungry unless others care enough about its continued existence to feed and clothe it. The man who is caught by this ideal will ever stand with open hands, and hold in those hands his all, so that any who wish to may freely take what they will. He will not be interested in living unless he can live to give himself and in giving to lose himself until he becomes nothing but the brother and lover and servant of every human being he meets, and until in any and every sort of human being

he finds no less than his Christ, in the love of whom he escapes from that selfishness which is his devil and his hell. And he will not be overmuch concerned about the shadows in the valley of the Lord, what men call the evil in the world, nor yield to their insistence that he line up with one side or another in the general strife of the day. Instead he will ever seek to set free in himself and in all those about him, that spirit of brotherly love which, as it becomes universalized, must bring all strife to an end and make men one. He will simply wash and wash his whole being clean of all self until it is as transparent as the cloudless sky after a long rain, through which may flood the sunshine of an infinite Love and Trust to dispel all shadows and to quicken all the life in the valley until it becomes indeed the Garden of the Lord.

But although this is only my *ideal,* only that which I would steadily *seek* until it shall *become* (what it is not now) my instinctive, instant and constant feeling in response to every person, creature and event—*yet, yet,* I know that this ideal *can be practiced,* has been put into life again and again and must be put into life now, and I know also that whosoever shall seek the way with a terrible singleness of heart shall never fail to find it; that in the spiritual world, *whatsoever* we set our *whole heart* upon, shall always come to us—*always.*

And although this is only the pole-star, the ideal and not the realization, yet it has definitely determined my direction, and the magic in it has changed the inner life of myself and some others with whom at last I am finding the most joyous and exalting comradeship I have ever known and has compelled us to make many changes of attitude toward the people and institutions amidst which we live.

The Way of the Troubadour of God

I can own *nothing.* I cannot withhold *any* thing in the face of any other man's need or desire for it. I must utterly renounce all property.

I must be a producer. I cannot saddle myself onto the backs of other men. And I want at least a part of my work to be with my hands, not only for the joy of carrying my share of the common load, but for the added joy of manual creation and for the sake of bodily health and vigor.

I long that my entire dependence may be upon God, upon my faith in the goodness in people to provide me at all times with what I need. My labor shall be my gift, and ordinarily I will go quite penniless.

My needs shall be very simple. I will not eat or wear more than is necessary for health. I will not *allow* people to give me things which only clutter up the life of the spirit and distract from the single-minded service of it.

For my food I will eat nothing which has cost an animal its life. I want to see God in the eyes of His dumb children too.

My marriage shall be realized in a wedding of my whole being unto God, in a perfect oneness whose creativeness, richness, peace and joy no other union can approach and which nothing can even touch.

My country shall be the whole earth. Each country shall be as is a county to New Jersey or one of the states to the United States. The German and the Mexican and the Japanese shall be the same as the American. I will have no patriotism. I will give allegiance to no human government, nor in any wise help in that by which men are hurt or intimidated or coerced, or by which the great human family is divided. My only government shall be that divine Love in my own heart which is always bending every power within me to serve the common good.

I will have but one family. This is the Universal Family which leaves out no man of which God is at once Father and Mother. Special obligation to favored persons in any other family I cannot recognize. In the eyes of human mother I see a sister, and in the eyes of human father I see a brother. These indeed shall be no less dear to me than before, but all and any must be near and dear even as these. I can make no distinctions. Mine is the table equally set for all. The colored are as welcome as the white, and the Jew as the gentile, and the Buddhist or atheist as the Christian, and the Catholic or Mormon as the Protestant, and the poor as the rich, and the ugly and deformed and unnoticed as the beautiful and the popular. And if seats of honor shall be given to any it shall be to the harlot and to those with shaved heads behind bars, and to the leper, the poor and the aged, to all those whom men have cast out or pass by, or who shrink from the gaze of their fellowmen. Even as in every home where love is, the best room is given to him who is sick or in need, so shall it be here. The first shall be last, and the last first.

I would be quite unconcerned about the harvest of results that may be garnered from my labors. For me it will be enough to be a servant of Love in the vineyard of the Lord.

I do not want to go among men as a rebel, or a reformer, or a saviour, but as a little child. I would not go among them even to "do good," but simply as their lover, as equal with the lowest and the servant of the lowest. It would be my joy if my life could be symbolized in the washing of men's feet.

I want to wait upon God day and night and at every moment of the day and night. In Him I would fain find my entire sufficiency. And my actual experience is already enough to satisfy me that I need nothing outside of Him. I know that *everything without God* is *nothing,* and that *nothing with God* is *everything.*

Oh, I see that everyone of the children of men *before* he is a merchant or a minister or a mother or a student or a scientist or a seeker of pleasure or position, is a *lover,* so hopelessly a lover, that there *is* no life, no *real* life or peace or joy until he has found a love to which he can give his *all,* in which he can spend himself even to exhaustion or death. And I see how all the ills that curse the race issue from the clash of the ignorant selfishness in one human heart with the ignorant selfishness in other human hearts, and how all this selfishness would vanish like a morning fog before the rising sun, if only men would learn to love and to trust one another. And I see that a man has only to empty his heart of all self and it shall be filled with a love which loves all men and each man, and loves all men equally, and loves all men always, with a Love which brings with it the very presence of God, and the peace of God which the world cannot understand, which no man can give and no man nor all men together nor anything that can possibly happen, can take away.

All other life than that of uttermost Love is a

delusion. Without the entire surrender of one's self, life is only a giddy dance to death, an endless and unescapable round of thwarting, weariness and torment. God can fill only that man who has made room for Him. Peace comes only to him in whom desire for it has been consumed in Love. Joy comes only to him who would prefer to be in any *hell with God* than to be in any *heaven without God*. The way to Life is a perpetual dying. The only real success is the failure of the cross. The way is terrible, and fearfully straight and narrow. A man may take it or he may leave it. But there is no other way.*

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*Note: This article is to be reprinted in the form of a pamphlet. Copies of it may be obtained by addressing the author at 292 Maple Ave., Wallington (Passaic), New Jersey. Those who desire a further knowledge of the ideals and understanding of life which lie behind it may obtain, from the same source, copies of another and longer pamphlet entitled "The Community of Love." Contributions to the printing fund are received gratefully, but the printing of the pamphlet is a gift from those interested and there is no price on either of them.

India and the League of Nations

It seems to be everywhere understood that one of the reasons why the United States Senate refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty, and, instead, signed a separate treaty with Germany, was the fact that the Treaty of Versailles created the League of Nations in such a form that several of its features were objectionable to the Senate. But I think it is not generally understood that one of the reasons why the Senate objected to the League was because some of the Senators were clear-visioned enough to see that notwithstanding its ostensible purpose of promoting justice and freedom, it was framed in a manner actually to strengthen and perpetuate some of the most flagrant existing cases of political bondage in the world, in the forefront of which is India. It was felt by these Senators that there was no more vicious feature of the Versailles Treaty than Article X, which under the seemingly innocent purpose of guaranteeing the "territorial integrity" of the States composing the League actually guaranteed Great Britain's unjust *possession* and *domination* of India. Thus it sanctioned, and also pledged the nations of the League to support, the most conspicuous case in the whole world today of political slavery—of the rule and exploitation of one civilized nation by another.

In other words, the League, which was organized ostensibly and distinctly to promote justice and freedom, made itself the guarantor and defender of the most stupendous example of political injustice and oppression known in our modern day. The League of Nations, in order really to be an agency (as the world was told it would be) for promoting justice and freedom, ought of course to have been made a tribunal open to hear appeals and complaints, and ready to investigate charges of injustice and oppression, coming from India and from any other people held in subjection; in other words, it should have been made an instrumentality through which all such oppressed peoples could get their wrongs righted and obtain the liberty and nationhood to which they are justly entitled.

But instead of that, Great Britain, the nation which held India and other rich possessions in its grip, and France, Italy and Japan, which also held valuable foreign "possessions," so framed the League as to shut its doors and its ears against any possible complaints or appeals coming from India, or from any other land or people held as "possessions" by any of the "Big Four" nations which were instrumental in framing the League in its present form. Indeed, as already intimated, these "Big Four" nations so framed the League (America's representatives unwillingly assenting) as to make it an *additional chain about the necks* of India and all the rest of their "possessions,"—a chain holding them in *bondage actually more securely than before.*

This is what is meant, that the League *"guaranteed the territorial integrity"* of the States within it. The guarantee meant that the League promised to aid in protecting any State against the revolt or rebellion of any subject people who might attempt to throw off the yoke of its oppressor and obtain its freedom. That is, in the case of India, the League promised, if there were need, *to help in holding India down.* In view of these facts, is it any wonder that India condemns, and from the beginning has condemned, the League; that the United States has refused to join it, and that so many lovers of liberty and justice in all lands are dissatisfied with and repudiate it.

Whether all the objections which we hear urged against the League of Nations are valid or not (and the present writer believes that some of them are not), at least this one—that the League in its present form *rivets more firmly the chains that bind great historic civilized India*—is plainly valid and *very serious.*

In the minds of all earnest lovers of human freedom and justice the question presses for answer: Can the present League be so changed, within any discernible future will it be so changed, as to make it no longer an enemy of India and the other subject peoples but, what it ought to be, a friend, a righter of wrongs, and in the end a liberator?

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Village Fool

The village fool, he passes by
Talking to something in the sky;
And all his large white face seems lit
With the reflected light of it.

The village fool, he brings to me
The thought of Joan of Domremy—
Wandering with rapt and shining face
The byways of her native place—

Hearing what sane folk could not hear—
Seeing, with vision foolish-clear
The dreams that led her by the hand
To Rouen, and its kindling brand.

And then I wonder if—someday
The village fool will stride away
With eyes alight and lips unfurled
To publish Truth across the world!

I. PRIEST.

The Study Table

New Books

"Japanese Customs, Their Origin and Value"[1] is a book by a missionary, for missionaries. For more than twenty years, Mr. Erskine has labored in Japan under the mission board of the Church of the Disciples. He is a diligent and successful worker; he speaks Japanese with ease and correctness; he comes into close relations with the people; he has a broad view and a sympathetic attitude. He knows Japanese customs as few foreigners do. He sees in them much that is good, even much that may well be retained and incorporated into the Christian life. His book is an appeal to his fellow-missionaries to look below the surface; not to destroy ruthlessly or to root out needlessly. Even in such things as wedding ceremonies, Mikadoism, ancestor reverence, idolatry, he finds something that may better be retained and utilized than destroyed. He is in earnest. His appeal deserves hearing and consideration, if it is really desirable to bring Japan to Christianity. Mr. Erskine sees, and rightly, that a Christian Japan can ill afford to lose connection with the past—that it must utilize the things which have made Japan's greatness.

Our author frankly states that he himself has undergone evolution in the mission field. He has gone through four stages, which he names Americanicity, Churchanity, Bibleanity and *need for new life*. His passage from one to another of these stages was a real progress. He believes now, of course, that he has reached finality; but he felt that at each stage. He is not an old man. He may still reach a stage where he will doubt whether there was great need for a new life. The old life might be improved, it might rise to higher levels, but perhaps the change would be best if brought about through leavening with home leaven, stirred by Japanese spirit, retaining Japanese custom with the approval of Japanese judgment as to what should be discarded, what retained. "Religion is coming to terms with one's environment," Mr. Erskine likes the statement—at least he uses it twice, once as a quotation, and again as if approved by himself. But he and his fellow-missionaries are not helping the Japanese come to terms with their environment; they are introducing another environment. The two things are quite different. But he and they are doing their work well, whether they were willing to guard and cherish what was "good" in Japanese custom or felt it necessary to ruthlessly destroy everything that was "native." As Prof. Charles J. Paul says in one of the five introductions which rather heavily cumber the book: "Evidences are not wanting 'that the soul of Japan' has been more generally leavened by Christianity than a statistical estimate would seem to indicate. Japan is changing, changing rapidly, Westernizing, Americanizing—and it is the missionaries who have done most to produce the change. Neither Mr. Erskine nor anyone else can do much to stay the destruction. Japanese customs, regardless of "value," are disappearing. Mr. Erskine hopes that it means a Christian Japan, and in such a Japan he sees great hope. He feels that such a Japan will find that "international ideas of co-operation are accepted as the norm"——; "She must show that her honesty is not a group concept but is based on international standards of mutual co-operation." Why expect of Japan more than is realized by any of the Christian nations of the West? It is easy to talk of international ideas of co-operation being accepted as the norm. Christianity has had 2,000 years in which to produce a nation that does so accept them. Can Mr. Erskine point to a single example?

It has long been recognized that a blunder was made in depriving Germany of her colonies. Far-sighted students of African problems claimed, even at the moment of shaping the Versailles treaty, that true wisdom would leave Germany in possession of those portions of the Dark Continent which she was occupying and developing. The Treaty makers went their way with a blindness and injustice that are now beginning to be appreciated. It was a strange situation, considering that the allied victor nations had gone into a war that was not to result in land annexation. In "German Colonization, Past and Future,"[2] we have a direct and simple statement regarding the seizure and a plea for return. The author, Heinrich Schnee is amply qualified for his task. He has been long connected with the German Colonial Department and at the time of the war was Governor of German East Africa. He first shows the injustice of the seizure. In making it the representatives of the victorious nations claimed that Germany was unfit to colonize and unworthy to possess colonies; that she was militarizing her colonies in such a way as to become a menace to other nations"; that she ill-treated the native populations and that these protested their return to her control. Our author examines this argument point by point. With remarkable honesty and calmness he meets the criticisms that were used to justify the seizure. He examines the existing Mandate system, in theory and in practice. He finds it false in the one and unsuccessful in the other. He makes a strong defense of German rights and a fine presentation of German achievement. As the argument that justified the seizure crumbles, he demands that the colonies be returned. There are other reasons than those of justice why Germany should have her colonies again. If she is to pay even a much reduced indemnity, she must have control of sources of raw materials. If a strong Germany, in the front rank of great nations, is to exist in the future, the peace of the world depends upon her being a satisfied nation, instead of one smarting under injustice and despoilment.

There is always something of interest in the *Annual Reports of the Director of Education of the Philippine Islands*. The report for 1925 is now at hand.[3] Two items in it call for comment. The one relates to *tests*, which are now being seriously applied. Tests that serve well in city schools in the United States, may not be of equal value (indeed of any real value) in barrio schools in the Philippines. The fact is recognized and efforts are being made to work out tests suited to the local conditions. A definite program of research is being developed and regular courses for training teachers in the devising and use of tests are offered in the Normal schools. The other item is a proposed change in curriculum.

1. *Japanese Customs: Their Origin and Value.* William Hugh Erskine. Tokyo: 1925. Kyobunkwan. 160 pp. xxii. 236.

2. *German Colonization, Past and Future.* Heinrich Schnee. New York: 1926. Alfred A. Knopf. 80 pp. 176.

3. *Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Director of Education.* Manila: 1926 Bureau of Printing. 80 pp. 159.

It is intended to reduce the time now devoted to the present history course by one semester and to utilize this time for the teaching of a new course in Oriental History. In the tentative plans that have been drawn up, particular emphasis has been given to the study of India, China, Japan, Siam, Korea, Indo-China, and the Malay people, with their influence upon and connection with the Philippines stressed. Three schools are now trying out, on a small scale and as a special project, material for such a course.

This is a move in the right direction and is altogether encouraging.

There has been a suggestion of criticism for the omission of some excellent textbooks from my *Note on Philippine Schoolbooks,* which appeared in UNITY of June 28. The note did not pretend to cover or exhaust the field. It was practically confined to books sent by publishers in response to the suggestion that I was preparing such a note. Since the article was printed, I have received a copy of Miller and Polley's "Intermediate Geography."[4] The authors are educators of experience in the Islands. The book deserves high praise. It is in line with the idea underlying the curriculum change mentioned above. Just as the Filipino child should know the history of the Philippines and of Asia beyond all others, just so he should best know the geography of his own island and those Asiatic regions nearest to him. In this book the child's geography begins in his own home. He is first taught to know his province and to have clear ideas of his immediate surroundings. He then studies the Philippines in general—then the home of the Malays, Asia, Australia and the Pacific Islands. Before passing to the study of other parts of the world, a special section of the book is devoted to a comparative review of the area already studied. More than half the book (230 out of 416 pages) is given to this detailed presentation. North America, South America, Europe and Africa are then adequately studied. A general review follows. Thirty pages then present an economic review of the Philippines—a subject which Mr. Miller is especially qualified to discuss. In a series of appendices much valuable statistical matter is presented. Here too the material is so grouped and presented as to center about the Philippines. The book is abundantly and beautifully illustrated with 744 pictures, of which almost one half relate to the Philippines. That your reviewer is pleased with the book is a mild statement; he proposes to study its Insular and Asiatic sections for his own cultural development.

We are awaking to the necessity of control for safety. The idea of individual freedom has been carried to an extreme. Uncontrolled action was possible as long as we had a pioneer and undeveloped country. Control for safety is forced upon us with an increasing population and an even greater complexity of life. The slogan "Safety-first" begins to affect our social consciousness. Railroads, industrial organizations, city managements are all falling in line. It is time that childen should be definitely taught to think of safety and to act with their elders to secure it. "Jimmie and the Junior Safety Council"[5] is a well written story which will set children to thinking, and personally to acting. *A Handbook of Safety Study* follows the story and is full of suggestions for the organization and conduct of Junior Safety Councils, in schools.

We have already called attention to Edward Alsworth Ross' "Civic Sociology," a text-book for high schools and junior colleges. We have now received a book of *readings,* that illustrate and reinforce that text.[6] It can, of course, be used with other books in the field. There are 156 selections from 95 authors and public documents. They are carefully selected to give a wide range and are grouped into chapters each of which deals with some important subject. Each chapter is followed by questions upon the readings. The book will give life and force to the texts which it is intended to supplement.

FREDERICK STARR.

4. *Intermediate Geography,* revised edition. Hugo H. Miller and Mary E. Polley. Boston: 1925. Ginn and Co. Lg., 800 pp. xii. 416 xiv.

5. *Jimmie and The Junior Safety Council.* Stella Boothe. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1926. World Book Co. 160 pp. ix. 246.

6. *Readings in Civic Sociology.* Edward A. Ross and Mary Edna McCaull. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1926. World Book Co. 160 pp. xxi. 398.

Correspondence

Militarism in Education

Editor of UNITY:

The campaign against militarism in education during the year 1926 was marked by the following indications of progress:

(1) Discontinuance of bayonet combat in R. O. T. C. and C. M. T. C. by order of the War Department. (2) Revision of at least two standard manuals of military training, deleting many passages of barbarous and objectionable character. (3) Removal of all military training from the Cleveland High Schools, R. O. T. C. from Hampton Institute, of compulsory drill from Boston University and the College of the City of New York. (4) Introduction of bills in both Houses of Congress for the elimination of compulsory military training from non-military civil educational institutions, and Committee Hearings in the House. (5) Disapproval of compulsory drill expressed by President Coolidge, Federal Council of Churches, American Federation of Labor, the Presbyterian, Northern Baptist and Disciples' National Conventions, the National Council of Jewish Women, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and about fifty other church and educational groups in various states. (6) The formation of state citizens' committees opposed to militarism in Nebraska and Massachusetts and inauguration of a campaign in Great Britain by the British National Council for the Prevention of War to get the War Office out of the British schools.

On the other hand, the year saw: (1) The introduction of Naval R. O. T. C. units in Harvard, Yale, Georgia University of Technology, University of California, University of Washington and Northwestern University. (2) The initiation of the Munitions Battalion. (3) Interference with free speech for peace in a number of colleges.

The Committee on Militarism in Education, which is carrying on a national campaign of education, needs $15,000 to do its work this year. It is an independent committee, including in its membership Professor Manley O. Hudson, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Halford Luccock, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, President Arthur E. Morgan, John Nevin Sayre, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, Professor Luther A. Weigle, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and William Allen White.

The Committee seeks help. This can be given in two ways: First, by sending name and address to the Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, so that the Committee may know on whom to count; second, by sending a contribution, however small, to carry on the fight against the process of militarization, which, unless stopped, will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing World Peace.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE A. COE,
Chairman.
THOMAS GUTHRIE SPEERS,
Treasurer.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A FEW SIDE LIGHTS ON NICARAGUA

Nicaragua, as stated by her citizens, has a population of about 800,000, of whom only 80,000 can be considered as either white, partly white, educated or partly educated. The remainder of the people are Indians, many of whom live under the most primitive conditions.

Last year when conversing with a Nicaraguan gentleman he showed me where he kept his revolver and as he made a jerk on his belt, emphatically remarked, "In my country we always have po-lit-i-cal af-fairs on hand and we always have to carry a gun." He spoke volumes. In another conversation he referred to the carelessness exhibited toward human life in Central America, declaring, "The people of the United States and the people of Central America are very different—you try to live as long as you can, but we do not care how long we live." Apparently true. He told me that he had left Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, only a few days before on two hours' notice. He was a member of the liberal party of which group Carlos Solorzano had become president of the republic, and Juan B. Sacasa, vice-president.

When I was coming north from Nicaragua to San Francisco there boarded our ship at Corinto the deposed constitutionally elected ex-president Solorzano. He had been elected by the liberal party. A group of his followers carefully surrounded him until the gangway was let down and the ship left the dock. Evidently there was apprehension as to his personal safety. "A guard of honor," composed of ragged, bare-footed soldiers had escorted him to the ship. I suspected that the insurgent government was really anxious to see that he left the country. He was a mild-mannered, genuine gentleman.

Carlos Solorzano had been deposed over night. As one of his party tersely informed me, "General Chamorro got possession of the fortress and the guns one night and was president the next day." Thus president Solorzano was escorted out of Nicaragua whilst the vice-president Sacasa, to save his life, fled the country.

At first the United States government would not recognize the Chamorro rebel crowd because it had obtained power by unconstitutional methods. Secretary Kellogg subsequently changed his policy and recognized the Chamorro government, with General Diaz placed at its head, for reasons that certainly have never been made clear to many Americans in spite of Secretary Kellogg's statement in connection with the situation. The fact that vice-president Sacasa had been a victim of revolution and had fled the country for his life, was used against him in statements emanating from Washington. Meanwhile, Washington dubbed him as a rebel—apparently a most unfair appellation under the circumstances. The newspapers have since referred to him as a rebel.

Meanwhile, the other countries of Central America, as far as we can learn, according to previous agreement among themselves and with the co-operation of the United States government to only recognize constitutionally elected presidents, have continued to consider the Chamarro-Diaz revolutionary party as the real rebels, the United States by its new ruling now dissenting. War between the two factions has followed. The situation is very mixed. It has shrewdly been suspected that financial, coffee and some other interests have brought about the change of face at Washington. Anyway, the fears incited in Latin-American countries by such action on the part of the government of the great republic, have naturally been great. A fine redemptive feature has been that in the United States a large portion of the press, the churches and others who desire that our relations with feeble countries be justly and honorably conducted have protested against a policy that tends to increase enmities abroad and may, if not checked, result in our boys being sent into foreign countries to protect the interests of a few of our own citizens who when they made investments were fully aware of the political and other hazards connected therewith.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

San Jose, Calif., 1927.

AMERICAN ARBITRATION CRUSADE

A campaign to arouse all peace-lovers to redoubled efforts to prevent war.

The method proposed requires no action by the United States that is not reciprocal on the part of other nations. It should meet the approval of every patriot from the officer of the military training camp who urges preparedness to prevent war to the absolute pacifist who pledges himself never to fight under any circumstances.

The idea is to induce our Government to outlaw war by negotiating treaties with every nation providing for obligatory arbitration or adjudication of all disputes that may arise between them.

The United States has made no such treaty. The Bryan treaties were for conciliation, the disputants remaining free to reject the recommendation of the commission. The Root treaties excepted questions of vital interest or national honor. War is not outlawed under any of them.

A nation's honor is vindicated when it has used every proper procedure for obtaining its rights or redressing its

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The Treaty of Belgian Neutrality

Editor of UNITY:

Will you kindly correct a false impression? In my article published in UNITY, September 15th, 1926, under the title "When a nation cannot arbitrate,"I stated the fact that the neutrality of Belgium was guaranteed by a treaty signed by Germany, France, England, Belgium and the United States.

I should also have included Russia, who was also a signatory to this Treaty.

This Treaty was signed at the Hague, October 18th, 1907 (not 1843) and was ratified by Belgium, August 8th, 1910; by France, October 7th, 1910; by Germany, the United States and Russia on November 27th, 1909.

This is the treaty which the Germans said was "only a scrap of paper."

My authority for the above statement is that of Theodore Roosevelt, who was President of the United States at the time this Treaty was signed.

In his book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," he gives the details of this Convention, Page 153; which book I commend for all to read.

MYRON F. FOSTER.

[Mr. Foster is again utterly mistaken. The Belgian Treaty involved in the War was the famous treaty of 1839. This was the treaty which Germany violated as "a scrap of paper," and which served as an occasion for England's entering the conflict. The United States was not concerned in any way. For a detailed and authoritative statement of the whole matter see Ewarts's "Roots and Causes of the Wars," Chapter XIV, entitled "The Belgian Treaty."—Editor.]

Our Thanks to "What's What"

Editor of UNITY:

I am not going to follow your advice and subscribe to *What's What*, but I am rushing to you my renewal for one more year to UNITY. I do not know when my subscription expires, but I do not want to miss a single number of the most interesting magazine in the United States. It is true that I do not agree with everything it publishes, but I consider your organ as one of the most wholesome and outspoken among the few in this country.

JOSÉ M. ESTRUGO,
Literary Correspondent,
Diario de Barcelona and
Revista de la Raza (Madrid.)

New York City.

Sorry—It Has Not Been Reprinted

Editor of UNITY:

I encountered your paper, UNITY, and was very much impressed by the article by Clarence R. Skinner, "Which Will the Christian Church Choose, Christianity or War?" in the January 10, 1927, number.

If that article were published in leaflet form I believe that it would do a great work. Such an article needs to be widely read. It is of such a nature that it is suitable for popular distribution. Without doubt that is one of the ways of meeting the greatest evil in modern times.

Let me hear from you in this respect.

Yours for a Warless World,

FRED E. JOHNSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

wrongs. When arbitration is established as a final resort, the aggrieved nation will maintain its honor by submitting its grievance to an impartial commission or tribunal.

The development of public opinion is necessary before compulsory arbitration treaties can be adopted or sustained. To help create such opinion the American Arbitration Crusade will contribute towards the expenses of any organization that wholeheartedly promotes the arbitration method of outlawing war. It will provide various form-letters to be sent to the President; it will have resolutions and drafts of treaties prepared by experts for submission to the Senate; it will distribute books and pamphlets relating to the subject.

To stimulate interest the following prizes are offered:

$100 for the best letter, editorial or article appearing in any publication having at least 5,000 circulation.

$100 for the best public demonstration or concerted endeavor for obligatory arbitration.

$100 for the best cartoon.

$100 for the best slogan.

$100 for the best sermon.

The main idea must be arbitration in each instance. The time period is between Armistice Day, 1926, and Independence Day, 1927. Any letter, editorial, article, cartoon or slogan may be used by the Crusade immediately to obtain further publicity.

Every organization and citizen is urged to take action along one or more of the following lines:

1. Send resolutions or letters to President Coolidge urging all-inclusive arbitration treaties.
2. Write to the papers and magazines; publish pamphlets; preach sermons; draw cartoons and posters.
3. Urge your Senator to introduce suitable resolutions in Congress.
4. Send this leaflet to ten or more of your friends. It will be supplied on request. You may be a factor in substituting law for war.

Among the endorsers of this Crusade are the following, from whom a committee will be selected to award the prizes:

Harriot Stanton Blatch, author of "A Woman's Point of View," etc.

George W. Coleman, President, Babson Institute; Director Ford Hall Forum.

Julia Ellsworth Ford, Author of "Imagina," etc.

John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church of New York; Author of "New Wars for Old," etc.

David Starr Jordan, Chancellor emeritus, Stanford University.

Owen R. Lovejoy, Director, American Political Science Association.

Edwin Markham, Author of "The Man with the Hoe," etc.

Francis J. McConnell, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Louis F. Post, former Ass't Secretary of Labor; Author of "Ethics of Democracy," etc.

William Allen White, Editor of Emporia Gazette; Author of "Life of Woodrow Wilson," "Life of Calvin Coolidge," etc.

William Floyd, Editor of *The Arbitrator;* Organizer of this Arbitration Crusade.

This will be a pay-as-you-go campaign; no commitments will be made until the funds are in hand. The preliminary expenses have already been provided. Contributions will be used for extending the work of education.

A donation of 25 cents enrolls anyone as a Peace Crusader; $1 as a Peace Seeker; $5 as a Peace Counsellor; $10 as a Peace Advocate; $25 as a Peace Patron; $100 as a Peace Patriot; $500 or more as a Peace Founder.

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